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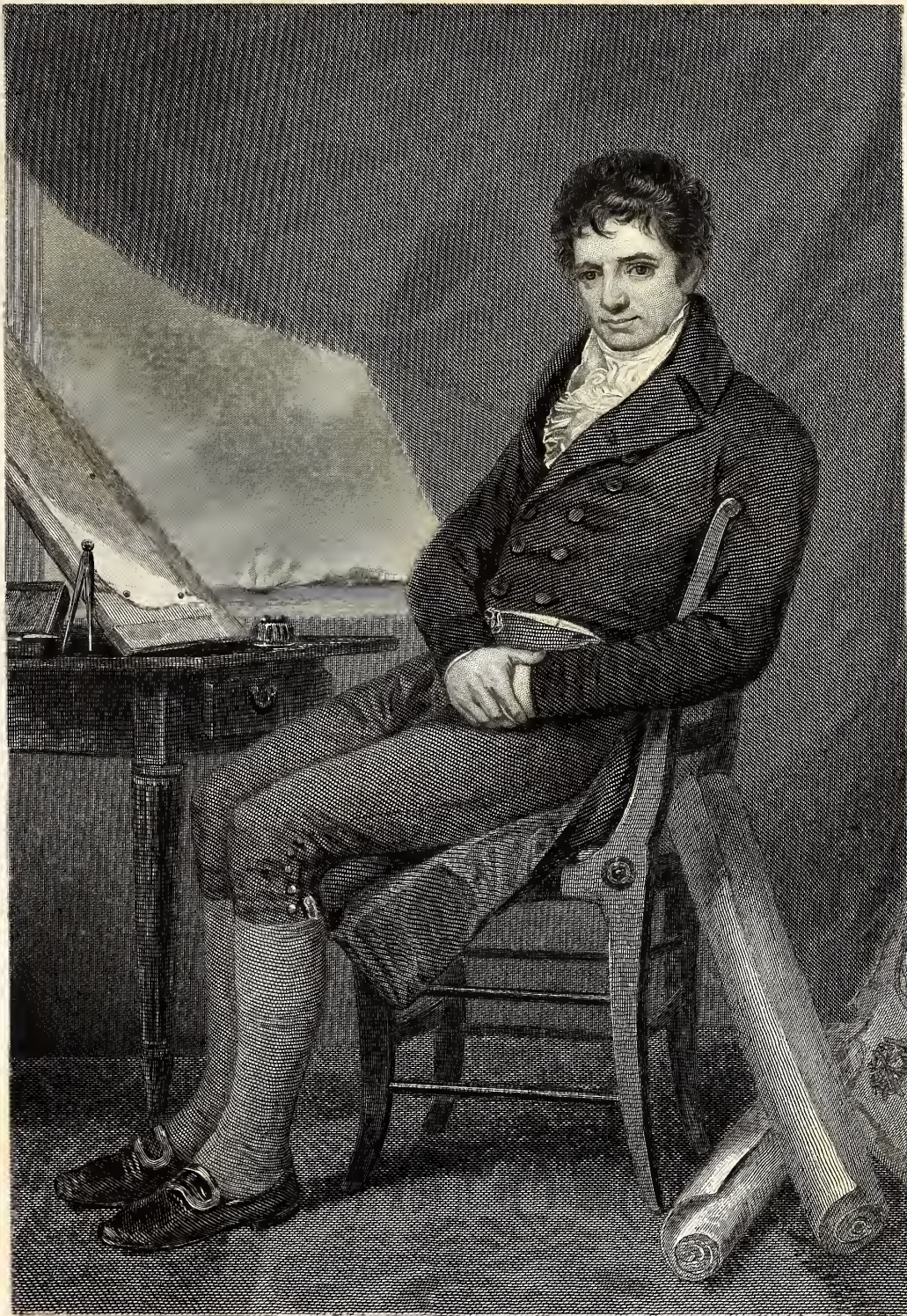


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Mr. H. Prescott



Robert Fulton

Engraved by J. C. Smith, New York



Welch Fusileers, seated on the stairs, held up to the orator's view several bullets in the palm of his hand, and attempted to banish the audience by the cry of fire. Warren gracefully extinguished the menace, by dropping his handkerchief over the minatory hand.¹ A ludicrous account of the day, in the usual travesty of the Royalist newspaper pieces of intelligence, appeared in "Rivington's Gazette," in New York, in which the handkerchief flourishes.

Dr. Warren was now fairly enlisted in the public Revolutionary service. In 1772 he was one of the original members of the Committee of Correspondence formed at Boston, stimulating the zeal and keeping up prompt communication among the towns of Massachusetts. When a convention was held at Suffolk, to check, if possible, the threatened military occupation of Boston Neck, he prepared the address to Governor Gage on the subject. On the dissolution of the General Court by the latter in September, 1774, that body—the popular legislative assembly of Massachusetts—resolved itself into a Provincial Congress, and speedily organized the military service of the State. Militia men were enrolled, and an Executive Committee of the Congress, of thirteen of its members, constituted the Committee of Public Safety. Warren was elected a delegate from Boston to the Congress; was chosen its President in the absence of Hancock, at Philadelphia, and put at the head of the Committee of Safety.

¹ A. H. Everett's *Life of Warren*. Sparks' *American Biography*, 1st Series, X. p. 112.

His services in this capacity were most active and efficient. It was by his vigilance that the country was warned, on the eve of the Battle of Lexington, of the advance of the British troops. He was in Boston at the moment, was advised of the movement, dispatched William Dawes and Paul Revere to sound the alarm and acquaint Samuel Adams and Hancock, who were at Lexington, of their danger, and arranged the signal-light on the steeple of the North Church. When he left Boston that night, he said to a person of whom he was taking leave, "Keep up a brave heart. They have begun it—that either party could do; and we'll end it—that only one can do."¹ On the return of the British troops, in their disastrous flight, Warren was at Cambridge with the Committee of Safety. Leaving this body with General Heath, he advanced to take part in the running fight, when a curl on the side of his head was carried off by a bullet.

The fatal day of Bunker's Hill was now rapidly approaching. On the twenty-seventh of May, Warren served as a volunteer under Putnam in the skirmishing affair of driving off the cattle from Noddle's Island, in Boston harbor, a small matter in the history of a great campaign, but of some value, for its proof of the bravery of the native troops at the time. On the sixth of June, Warren had the satisfaction of superintending an exchange of prisoners, a scene of joy and congratulation which restored a number of suf-

¹ Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*, p. 77.

fering captives to their homes. On the fourteenth of June, he was appointed by the Provincial Congress a Major-General.

It had now become evident that the British officers meditated some aggressive movements upon the country outside of Boston, and the Committee of Safety and Council of War were in consultation to defeat their projects. It was thought advisable to occupy Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights on opposite eminences over against the town, for the purpose of annoyance and defence, but, by the counsel of Warren, who showed great prudence in the matter, the movement was delayed till the army should be better provided. Its arms and ammunition were ludicrously weak to contend with the thoroughly armed government force of picked regulars. The spirit of the American farmers was indeed high to encounter such odds. In the loose state of the service, and the uncertain command of the approaching engagement, each man seems a volunteer on a forlorn hope. Necessity, indeed, needed no law; but these patriots made no pause to question the necessity. The British must be kept, if possible, in Boston. That was all they knew of the matter. It was understood that on the eighteenth of the month, Gage would take possession of Charlestown, the peninsula to the north of Boston, on which stood Bunker's and Breed's Hill. The latter, nearest to the town, was the scene of the great conflict, though its more inland neighbor has carried off the honor of the name. On the fifteenth, the Committee

of Safety resolved to establish a position on Bunker Hill. William Prescott, the grandfather of the historian, was placed in command of a thousand men, and the next night, that of the sixteenth, marched, as he conceived his instructions, to Breed's Hill. A redoubt was marked out, and an intrenchment raised by the extraordinary energy of the band, between midnight and dawn, when the work was first discovered by the British. How well that earthwork and its adjoining fence, matted with hay, were defended through the sultry noon by the body of unrefreshed, night-worn farmers, with what death to the invaders, is matter of history. As the news spread of the actual engagement, as the fires of Copp's Hill and the vessels of war in the harbor sped against the devoted work, as the smoke of burning Charlestown darkened the bright day, one and another came to the aid of the gallant Prescott, who awaited the attack in his redoubt. Stark brought his levies to the defence of the hill; Pomeroy and Warren came alone. The last arrived in the afternoon, shortly before the first assault of Howe and his forces. He had been with the Provincial Congress, of which he was president, the day before, had passed the night in Watertown, and reached Cambridge indisposed in the morning. The news of the British attack shook off his headache; he consulted with the Committee of Safety, and hurried to that "gory bed" of honor, the redoubt on Breed's Hill. He was met by Putnam on the field, who requested his orders. He had

none to give, only to ask, "Where he could be most useful." Putnam pointed to the redoubt, with an intimation that he would be covered. "I come not," was his reply, "for a place of safety, but where the onset will be most furious." Putnam still pointed to the redoubt, as the main point of attack. Here Prescott tendered him the command: his answer again was in the same spirit. "I came as a volunteer, to learn from a soldier of experience." He encountered the full perils of that gallant defence, marked by its fearful anxiety in the failure of the scanty ammunition. He was the last, we are told, in the trenches, and at the very outset of the retreat fell, mortally struck by a ball in the forehead. So ended this gallant life, on the height at Breed's Hill, on that memorable June 17, 1775.

The nation had many sighs for Warren. The men of his time bore witness to his worth and valor in the manliest, sincerest language. By the side of the public Eulogies, we are most touched with the few full, truthful words of Abigail Adams, writing to her husband, at the Congress at Philadelphia, from the midst of these peril-

ous scenes, of which she was almost an eye-witness. "I would not have you be distressed about me," she says, tenderly. "Danger, they say, makes people valiant. Hitherto I have been distressed, but not dismayed. I have felt for my country and her sons. I have bled with them and for them. Not all the havoc and devastation they have made, has wounded me like the death of Warren. We want him in the Senate; we want him in his profession; we want him in the field. We mourn for the citizen, the senator, the physician, and the warrior."¹

"Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori,"

the line of that noble ode of Horace, urging the youth of Rome to the fierce Parthian war—it was bravely pronounced by Warren the night before the battle to a friend who represented to him the dangers of the coming encounter—let it be a motto for his tomb, and live with his memory to inspire all true-hearted Americans, when the country shall again need such offerings.

¹ Letters of Mrs. Adams, I. 49. Braintree, July 5, 1775.

JOHN HANCOCK.

JOHN HANCOCK, the prosperous, bustling Boston merchant, and busy patriot of the Revolution, had good Puritan blood in his veins. His grandfather, the Rev. John Hancock, a man of unusual ability and vigor, the octogenarian preacher of Lexington, was eminent for his usefulness. His son, also named John, the parent of John Hancock, the subject of this sketch, died in middle age, minister of Braintree.

John Hancock was born at the Braintree parsonage, January 23, 1737. The death of his father, when he was but seven years of age, broke up the family household, and the child was taken to Lexington to his grandfather, then at the venerable age of seventy-three. He had also a most serviceable friend in his uncle, Thomas Hancock, a wealthy Boston merchant, and a man of liberal ideas, gratefully held in remembrance at Harvard, for his endowment of an oriental professorship. This relative provided for his education at the Boston Grammar School, and at Harvard, where he graduated in 1754. He was then received in his uncle's counting-house. "And what a school was this! Four large ships constantly plying between Boston and London, and other business in proportion. He became an example to all the young men of the

town. Wholly devoted to business, he was as regular and punctual at his store as the sun in his course."¹

Upon the sudden death of his uncle by apoplexy, in 1764, Hancock inherited the business, and a large share of the property. The position of a successful, enterprising merchant, in those days, was one of considerable importance, even alongside of the lawyers and members of the government, who constituted the elite of provincial society. Hancock, too, had the prestige of wealth and the family piety—for there were no persons of more consequence in old New England than the clergy. He started upon life, then, in his twenty-seventh year, when he came into possession of his uncle's fortune, with eminent advantages. He had been put in the way of a good education, as we have seen, had profited by ten years of prosperous trade, and had enjoyed some opportunities of foreign travel in connection with the business. Mr. Loring, always curious in his researches into the history of old Bostonians, and never more successful than in his investigations into the life of Hancock, tells us of his visiting London with Powual, at the expiration of his govern-

¹ John Adams to William Tudor, Works, X. 259.

ment of the Colony in 1760, and of his witnessing the funeral of George II., and the crowning of his successor. Incidents like these, though of little import in the lives of many persons, may minister to the consequence of one already bent upon rising in the world.

Hancock was looked to to support his uncle's reputation; nor was the expectation disappointed. He was easy and engaging in his manners, liberal in the employment of his wealth, turning his influence to good account; apt and ready to serve the public. He became a Selectman of the town, and, in 1766, was elected, with Cushing and Samuel Adams, to the General Court, where, says Eliot, "he blazed a Whig of the first magnitude." There is a story told of the two Adamses walking, the day of his election to the Legislature, on the Boston Common, opposite the famous Hancock mansion, when the "oily" Samuel remarked to his relative, that the town had done a wise thing to-day; "they had made that young man's fortune their own." The prophecy, adds the narrator, John Adams, "was literally fulfilled."

Hancock was now a vigorous leader of the opposition, throwing his vast wealth and influence on the popular side. He was an active member, we are told, of that famous North End Club, or assembly of mechanics, shipwrights and calkers—which is said to have given the political term "caucus" to the language—of which Samuel Adams was a prominent member. It was at this club of fast-developing democratic politicians that Hancock exclaimed, in the discussion of the

best method of expelling the British troops from the city: "Burn Boston, and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public good requires it!"¹ A minute history of the times would show his activity throughout these preliminary scenes of the Revolution, in opposition to the impost on tea, and in other acts of popular resistance. In 1772, at a moment of comparative quiet, we find him appointed by Hutchinson, captain of the company of cadets with the rank of colonel. Hancock had the honor of escorting the new governor, Gage, with great pomp, to the council chamber; but his Excellency soon fell out with his patriotic commander, and the corps was disbanded. At the fourth anniversary of the Boston Massacre, in 1774, Hancock appeared, with eminent success, as the orator of the day. He was elected to the first Provincial Congress, at Concord, of 1774, and chosen its President. Ill health—he was now troubled with those maladies which afflicted him through life—prevented his being sent to the Continental Congress of this year at Philadelphia, but in the following season he was joined to the Massachusetts' delegation.

The meeting of this body was immediately preceded by the battle of Lexington. It was supposed in Boston, by the friends of liberty, that the movement of troops had reference specially to the capture of Hancock and Samuel Adams. They came, indeed, very nigh being taken in that

¹ Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, p. 77.

affair. At the time of the expedition, they were lodged in the house of the Rev. Jonas Clark, the minister of Lexington, where, being already thought in danger, they had been protected by a guard. Word was brought to them at midnight, by Paul Revere, a messenger sent by Dr. Warren, that the British troops were on their way. The militia were immediately assembled, and means taken for defence on the spot. The hazard of remaining to be captured was, however, thought too great to the cause of freedom, to be encountered by its leaders, Hancock and Adams. By the advice of friends, they were persuaded to retire a few miles distant, to the inner precinct of Woburn, where they found refuge in the house of the widow of a clergyman. They were accompanied in their flight by a young lady of Boston, Miss Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Edward Quincy, to whom Hancock was then engaged, and whom he married a few months afterwards.

Governor Gage presently issues his proclamation, offering pardon to all the rebels, save and except Samuel Adams and John Hancock, the offenders of those arch traitors being considered "of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration, than that of condign punishment." This formidable denunciation, "a mark of distinction," as Eliot observes, which "many men in these States would have given all their wealth, and run any risk of consequences" to obtain, followed Hancock as a capital introduction to the old Congress at Carpenter's Hall, where, on the resignation of Peyton

Randolph, he was chosen its President.

The choice of a commander-in-chief soon came on, when Hancock is said to have exhibited some reluctance to the appointment of Washington, so handsomely supported by his colleagues, the Adamses. Indeed, John Adams hints that Hancock had himself an inclination for the post. He had acquired some note as a militia officer, and his personal sacrifices, as the richest man in Boston, had been, as Adams remarks, incomparably greater than those of Colonel Washington. Adams tells us that when the question was solved by his nomination, the countenance of Hancock experienced "a sudden and striking change," and that his "physiognomy was not softened" when the motion was seconded by Samuel Adams.

As President of Congress, the broad signature of Hancock is conspicuously displayed on the Declaration of Independence. The service, for which he was well qualified, of course, gave him distinguished honor at home and abroad. The numerous prints of him published in Europe have generally his title of office attached to them.

In 1778, Hancock was appointed by the General Court of Massachusetts, Major-General of the State militia, and in that capacity commanded the second line in the expedition of General Sullivan, in the operation of the year for the recovery of Newport. Though the attempt failed for want of the expected coöperation of the French fleet, Hancock was not the less eager in his attentions to Admiral D'Estaing and his officers, when they shortly

after arrived, tempest-tost, in Boston. The entertainments, indeed, of Hancock became proverbial. Though himself worn by the gout, the disease was no obstacle to his encouragement of good living. His habits of expense were also carried out in other things, particularly in his dress. In a day of elegance among gentlemen, he particularly affected splendor. His equipage, especially on public occasions, was full of state; he rode with six fine horses and servants in livery. His entertainments, election and other, were in proportion; costly and prodigal. He was liberal in his gifts; even munificent to the building and decorations of the Brattle street church.

In the autumn of 1779, Hancock, impelled by ill health, resigned his seat in Congress, when he was succeeded in the Presidency by Henry Laurens, of South Carolina. The same year also saw him sitting a member of the Massachusetts Convention, at Cambridge, for the formation of a State Constitution. On the adoption of that instrument, Hancock was chosen Governor, and was annually thereafter elected to the office, with the exception of the term of Governor Bowdoin, in 1786, during the remainder of his life.

One of the most important events of Hancock's public career, was his Presidency of the Massachusetts State Convention, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, which met in Boston in January, 1788. The resolution of this body was watched with much anxiety, for there were many popular elements at work in Massachusetts against the adoption. The Anti-Federal party com-

prehending the mass of the people, as distinguished from the wealthy and educated classes, the democracy of the State, was opposed to it. There were also elements of dissent growing out of the disaffection of the recent Shay's rebellion and the separation of the State of Maine then in progress. Hancock and Samuel Adams, both of extraordinary popularity, were looked to in the Convention as the head of the formidable opposition in that body. Five States only as yet had accepted the Constitution—Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia and Connecticut. The votes of New York, Maryland and Virginia, it was thought, would be influenced by the decision of Massachusetts. Madison wrote to Washington from New York, full of doubt and alarm. "A rejection of the new form by that State," replied Washington, "would invigorate the opposition, not only in New York, but in all those which are to follow; at the same time, it would afford materials for the minority, in such as have actually agreed to it, to blow the trumpet of discord more loudly."

Three weeks elapsed of the session of the Convention, during which the country was in suspense, before Hancock, who was suffering from the gout, made his appearance in that body. He then descended as the *deus ex machinâ* to solve the knotty problem, and bring order out of confusion. He came armed with a set of "Conciliatory Resolutions," as they were called, embracing the provisions, as the declaration "that all powers not expressly delegated to Congress, are reserved to the several

States," and the enunciation of the right of trial by jury, afterwards adopted among the Amendments to the Constitution. Hancock introduced the resolutions in a flowing speech; they were referred to a Committee, and saved the Constitution, which was now finally passed by a vote of one hundred and eighty-seven to one hundred and sixty-eight—Hancock and Adams voting in the affirmative. This happy turn in the Convention gave Hancock great popularity. In the words of a ballad of the time, in thirteen verses, the number of the States, to the tune of Yankee Doodle:

"Then 'Squire Hancock, like a man
Who dearly loves the nation,
By a conciliatory plan,
Prevented much vexation.

"He made a woundy Fed'ral speech,
With sense and elocution;
And then the 'Vention did beseech
T' adopt the Constitution.

"The question being outright put,
(Each voter independent,)
The Fed'ralists agreed t' adopt,
And then propose amendment.

"The other party, seeing then
The people were against 'em,
Agreed, like honest, faithful men,
' To mix in peace amongst 'em.
Yankee doodle, keep it up!
Yankee doodle, dandy!
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy."

To be sure there were some shruggings and winkings of the Essex Junto, who were in the secret of this sudden conversion of Hancock to Federalism, but it was understood that he should

have the credit of the measure. It would appear, from the recent review of the matter by Mr. Theophilus Parsons, to have been the work of the Federalists among themselves. The original draft of the resolutions was found with Hancock's papers, in the handwriting of Chief Justice Parsons.¹

Hancock, who appears, with some rubs, to have retained his popularity to the last, died in office as Governor of Massachusetts, October 8, 1793, in his fifty-seventh year. Let John Adams sum up the career of the thriving, attentive merchant, the devoted patriot and prosperous politician, whose popularity outlived so many hazards of party: "Mr. Hancock had a delicate constitution. He was very infirm; a great part of his life was passed in acute pain. He inherited from his father, though one of the most amiable and beloved of men, a certain sensibility, a keenness of feeling, or, in more familiar language, a peevishness of temper, that sometimes disgusted and afflicted his friends. Yet it was astonishing with what patience, perseverance, and punctuality, he attended to business to the last. Nor were his talents or attainments inconsiderable. They were far superior to many who have been much more celebrated. He had a great deal of political sagacity and penetration into men. He was by no means a contemptible scholar or orator. Compared with Washington, Lincoln, or Knox, he was learned."²

¹ See an interesting account of this whole affair in the Memoir of Chief Justice Parsons, by his son, Theophilus Parsons, p. 56-76.

² Letter to William Tudor, Adams' Works, X. 261.

WILLIAM MOULTRIE.

THIS distinguished major-general of the Revolution was one of the earliest, as well as ablest supporters of the popular cause. Born, according to some accounts, in England, about the year 1730, he was brought to South Carolina at an early age, and is first heard of on the page of history in that period of the Seven Years' War, when the colony became entangled in that vexatious and formidable contest with the Cherokees, destined to develop so much of the military talent of her sons. Moultrie, then in early manhood, appeared in arms, especially distinguishing himself in the adventurous closing campaign marked by the bloody field of Etchoee, where Marion, a lieutenant under his command, gained his first brilliant laurels, at the head of a forlorn hope, in charging the well chosen, strongly defended Indian position. "General Marion and myself," says Moultrie, in his "Memoirs of the Revolution in the South," when he has occasion to speak of the subsequent partisan service of that military chieftain, "entered the field of Mars together in an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, under the command of Colonel James Grant, in 1761; when I had the honor to command a light infantry company, in a provincial regiment." Out of that old

French war, with its border Indian conflicts, inuring the body to hardships, and practising wit and intellect in cunning military devices, while it imparted confidence, grew the soldiers who were to cope with the trained warriors of the old world. "The best part of courage," says Emerson, somewhere, "is having done the thing before." The truth of the aphorism is abundantly shown in the war of the Revolution, when the old military men brought to the service the skill and resolution of their former valor.

So Moultrie, with Laurens, Marion, and others, was ready to unsheathe his sword at the first note of warning from Massachusetts. In that memorable Provincial Congress of South Carolina, which met at Charleston, in January, 1775, assembling so much of the worth of the province, that body, whose roll includes so many honorable names—Rutledge, Pinckney, Laurens, Huger, Legaré, Gadsden, Middleton, Marion, Lowndes, and a host of others—Colonel William Moultrie was present as a delegate from the parish of St. Helena. In the war measures which ensued, he was chosen colonel of the second regiment of infantry, and employed himself diligently in the collection of ammunition and the erection of

batteries at advantageous points, for the protection of Charleston. Possession was taken of Fort Johnson, on James' Island, and this advantageous position commanding the harbor on the south, was supported by a neighboring camp and battery. A flag being needed for purposes of signals, Moultrie devised one, "the first American flag displayed in South Carolina." The color was blue, adopted from the clothing of the State troops, with a crescent in the dexter corner, taken from a badge worn in their caps by two regiments who garrisoned the fort. After this position was secured, the maintenance of Sullivan's Island, in front of the town, commanding the seaward approaches to the harbor, was to be looked after. This was partly separated from the mainland by a cove which it was necessary to keep open from the enemy, and for this purpose a battery was erected by Moultrie at Haddrell's Point, an advantageous position on the shore commanding the bay. Moultrie himself directed the military party, including "a great many gentleman volunteers," who, on "a dark and very cold" December night, executed this work in the face of two British vessels in the port. The latter then drew off, but the arrival of others off the bar, kept the defenders in a wholesome state of agitation. All this while Moultrie had the chief military command. In February, Colonel Gadsden, of the first regiment, arrived, and entered upon his duties, and on the second of March, Moultrie was ordered to take command of the fort in process of erection on Sullivan's Island. It was being

rapidly built by a force of mechanics and negro laborers, in view of a threatened naval expedition from New York. The material of which it was constructed was admirably adapted for purposes of defence, consisting of logs of the palmetto, a wood of a peculiarly spongy character, capable of receiving a shot without a fracture. In April, General Armstrong arrived from the north, followed on the fourth of June by General Charles Lee, who was put in command, and from whom everything was expected. One of Lee's first employments, of course, was to visit the harbor defences, which, under the military officers of the committee of safety had assumed very respectable proportions.

When he came to Sullivan's Island, where he found Moultrie with his fort well advanced, he, says the latter officer in his "Memoirs," "did not like the post at all, saying that there was no way to retreat, that the garrison would be sacrificed; nay, he called it a 'slaughter pen,' and wished to withdraw the garrison and give up the post, but President Rutledge insisted that it should not be given up." Nor was Moultrie at all anxious to abandon the place. Lee then declared the absolute necessity of a bridge to connect the island with the mainland at Haddrell's Point, a distance of more than a mile. There were not, however, boats enough for the purpose, and an experiment with empty hogsheads and planks failed. Lee in his orders harped upon the bridge, which Moultrie thought he could do very well without, "never imagining that the enemy could force

him to the necessity of a retreat." He accordingly, armed with the authority of Rutledge, held the position in preparation for the coming invasion. The British forces, indeed, were already in the vicinity. A fleet of some forty or fifty vessels, ships of war and transports, under the command of Sir Peter Parker, bringing seven regiments, with Sir Henry Clinton at their head, arrived off the harbor on the fourth, and were now making preparations for the assault. Clinton being disadvantageously posted with his troops on the neighboring Long Island, the main attack was left to Sir Peter Parker, who advanced to the work with his formidable fleet. He had with him his flag-ship, the Bristol, fifty guns, four ships of twenty-eight guns each, one of twenty, another of eighteen, with various subordinate vessels—a sufficient force it might have been thought, without over confidence, to cope with a log fort, manned by unpractised soldiers, unused to any weapon heavier than a rifle. Indeed, it was generally expected by the British, that a discharge or two of a broadside would destroy the fort, and the admiral, besides, had his men practised in entering embrasures—a service they were not called upon to perform. While such was the confidence of the foe, there were not wanting those on shore who doubted of the result. If Moultrie had the least hesitation in his breast, he would have found a welcome for his timidity in the counsel of his superior officer, the gallant major-general. It may not be, however, that Lee was so much behind the occasion as Moultrie was in advance

of it, and a good historian may, very likely, find more to applaud in the one than to condemn in the other. The position of the defenders, indeed, looked desperate enough.

On the morning of June 28th, a few days before the Declaration of Independence by Congress, the enemy, having been reinforced by another fifty-gun ship, the Experiment, the actual attack commenced from the chief vessels of the squadron. Moultrie, who was at the east end of the island, visiting Thompson's encampment, saw the first signs of the movement, and hastened to his post. To meet the seemingly overwhelming force of the enemy, within easy range to the south, he had four hundred and thirty-five men, all told. The fortification had thirty-one guns, but the supply of powder, the ridiculous defect of the early battles of the war, was short. There were but twenty-eight rounds for twenty-six cannon.

The action commenced with a discharge of shells, which produced little effect, some falling short, others being buried in the sand. The cannonading then began, the flag-ship and three of the heavier vessels pouring their broadsides into the fort at a distance of about three hundred and fifty yards. The sailors were doubtless astonished at the inadequate result; the balls hitting the mark, indeed, but sinking, as they struck, harmlessly imbedded in the soft palmetto. On the other hand, the fire they received told with fearful emphasis. Carefully husbanding his scanty ammunition, Moultrie, coolly smoking his pipe, directed his men, who were

stripped to their work, to single out the flag-ship. The Bristol, indeed, suffered woefully. So the day wore on. The sun went down, and the fiery conflict was not yet abated. At nine o'clock, the admiral withdrew his ships from the range, and the day's work was over. Charleston was delivered.

In recognition of his defence on Sullivan's Island, Moultrie was made, by Congress, a brigadier general of the regular army. No medal was ordered by that body, but in the Palmetto seal of his own State—a device adopted after his defence—his victory has a lasting commemoration. In the military events in the State which succeeded his great battle, we find him always at his post, ready to give a good account of himself according to the occasion and his opportunity. It was a period of gathering misfortune, as the strength of the native defenders was wasted in unprofitable enterprises. One disaster followed after another. First came Lee's wasting midsummer march to Florida, succeeded, after an interval of comparative repose, by the repetition of the calamity under General Howe, and his still more ruinous defeat at Savannah. General Lincoln then took the field, and attempted unsuccessfully to operate upon the borders of Georgia, plying his soldiers unprofitably in the upper country, while Moultrie was left, with inadequate resources, to defend the open lower road to Charleston. The skill and resources of the latter were taxed in the work to the uttermost. He made a gallant defence of Beaufort against the assault of Colonel Gardner, which delayed the invasion for a time,

till the murderous Provost, taking confidence from the defeat of General Ashe at Briar Creek, took up his march for the metropolis. Moultrie, in command at the lower military station at Purysburg, conducted a Parthian retreat, checking the invaders at various points, but unable to cope with the reckless audacity of the superior force, scattering itself, and burning and plundering as it proceeded. Of his thousand militia men, he entered the city with about six hundred. Once within, he held the command, and inspiring the people by his bravery, took every measure for the defence of the town, while Rutledge, at the head of the civil authority, gained time in negotiation, till news arrived of Lincoln's approach, when Provost took his departure, disappointed of his expected prize. In the retreat, a position was taken at John's Island, at the Stono River, which Moultrie made the object of a concerted attack. The post was gallantly assailed, and would have been taken had not the British received reinforcements, which turned the fortunes of the day, or had not the command of Moultrie been delayed by insufficient means of transportation, which prevented his arrival in time for the conflict.

Next came the siege of Savannah by the combined forces of the French under D'Estaing, and the Americans under Lincoln, another disastrous affair—Savannah being a fated region for the American arms. This took place in October, 1779. In the ensuing February, Sir Henry Clinton returned at the head of an invading force, and made good his landing on the

coast below Charleston. The fleet, this time, passed Fort Moultrie, with moderate loss, and the city was invested. Lincoln had the chief command, but to Moultrie, his second, doubtless, fell equal, if not superior care and anxiety, as he stimulated the efforts and witnessed the privations and sufferings of his devoted fellow-citizens. On one occasion he narrowly escaped death, as a shot entered his apartment and lodged in the bed from which he had just risen. When provisions were exhausted, and the lines were no longer tenable, and not till then, the capitulation took place. That the town should have held out so long—the siege lasted nearly three months—deserves to be considered a better proof of valor, on the part of the South Carolinians, than many a brilliant victory gained under circumstances of less endurance.

Moultrie was now a prisoner on parole. In his correspondence, we find abundant proof of the consideration in which he was held in various consultations and military arrangements growing out of the surrender. One of these pages possesses a peculiar personal interest, that in which he replies to the proposition of Lord Charles Montague to quit the service, and leave with him for Jamaica, where, on the score of old friendship, he would put him in possession of a regiment to which he had himself been appointed. Moultrie's answer was such as became the man and his position. A few months after, in June, 1781, he sailed for Philadelphia, where he passed his time on parole till February of the following year, when

he was "regularly exchanged," so reads his certificate of discharge, "with a number of other Americans, by composition, for Lieut.-General Burgoyne, of the British forces, and late a prisoner of war to the United States of America." Thus liberated, he shortly after returned to South Carolina, where, taking his plantation by the way, he visited the camp of Marion and Greene, and bore an exulting part in the evacuation of Charleston. He found his estate plundered, but his negroes had been true to him, and they now received their honest master with a welcome dear to his heart. Nor did the State forget its brave defender. According to a habit, of which there have been many instances in American history, from the Presidency downward, Moultrie was, in 1785, chosen Governor of South Carolina, and again in 1794. His later years were occupied with the preparation of his memoirs of the "American Revolution, so far as it related to the States of North and South Carolina and Georgia, compiled from the most authentic materials, the author's personal knowledge of the various events, including an Epistolary Correspondence on Public Affairs with Civil and Military Officers, at that period;" a most useful work for the understanding of the inner history of the defence of the South, a repository of original documents, with brief and simple comments of the writer. It was published in New York, "for the author," in 1802. Three years later, September 27, 1805, Major-General Moultrie died at Charleston, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL, the Governor of Connecticut during the Revolution, and friend of Washington, was one of a numerous family which has conferred honor upon the State in more than one department of exertion. His first American ancestor, John Trumbull, came from Cumberland County, England, to Rowley, Massachusetts, whence his son, bearing the same name, removed to Suffield, Connecticut. The latter was the father of four sons, who were established in different parts of the State. The eldest, John, who became a clergyman in Watertown, was the father of the author of "M'Fingal." Joseph, the second, settled at Lebanon, where he pursued the career of a prosperous farmer, and was the father of Jonathan, the subject of our sketch, who came into the world on the twelfth of October, 1710. We hear nothing of the youth till his entrance at Harvard, at the age of thirteen, when he appears modest, earnest, studious, fully prepared to avail himself of the advantages of the place. Beside the classics and mathematics with which he became familiar, he carried away with him when he graduated in 1727, some knowledge of Hebrew. More than all, he was distinguished by his piety. He was a member of a secret society, the

object of which was the inculcation of religious duty and brotherly affection among its fellows. So strongly was this zeal implanted in him, that he appeared evidently a youth marked out for the church; and, indeed, forthwith commenced his studies for the ministry with the Reverend Solomon Williams, the pastor of Lebanon. He even received his license, and began to preach in the church at Colchester, and would, without doubt, have continued to the end a zealous, simple-minded "parson of a town," had he not been called by the death of his elder brother to assist his father, who was a trader as well as farmer, in his business operations. The young divine thus became a merchant.

The business carried on by Joseph Trumbull, and afterwards profitably extended by his son, consisted of direct importations from the mother country in vessels chartered and laden by themselves, with the productions of the country. His store was at Lebanon, but his operations were extended in various directions. In his partnership operations, after the death of his father, in 1755, he was interested in several branches in his own State, in negotiations with houses in Boston, Nantucket, Halifax, the West Indies; with Bristol, London, and Amsterdam.

His exports were the products of the country, derived from its agriculture and fisheries, including skins and furs collected by Indians in his employ; shipments of horses and lumber to the West Indies, and oil brought by the bold and hardy American whalers.

The result of this commercial activity began in due time to be expressed in the well-furnished homestead—he had married, in 1735, Faith Robinson, the daughter of the faithful minister of Duxbury, and descendant of the eminent pilgrim father whose name she bore, and a growing family was about him—in stores, warehouses, profitable farms, and such pecuniary appendages as bonds and mortgages, raising the whole, in the estimate of his biographer, at the close of the French war, in 1763, to the large valuation, for those days, of eighteen thousand pounds.

In the meantime, the citizen was keeping pace with the prosperous merchant. In 1733, immediately upon his entrance into business, he was sent by his fellow townsmen to the General Assembly, to which he was repeatedly reëlected, becoming, in 1739, Speaker of the House. He was chosen, in 1740, an assistant or member of the Council, and continued in the office, without interruption, for ten years, filling, meanwhile, the stations of Assistant Judge of the County Court, Judge of the County Court of Windham, and Judge of the Probate Court of the same district. When the war with France broke out, in 1739, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of one of the State militia regiments, and though he took no active part in the field, was dili-

gently employed as a commissioner, and in other relations, in furthering the operations of the war, so brilliantly signalized by the expedition of the Eastern States against Louisbourg. When the conflict was revived in the Seven Years' War, he was again in similar employments, meeting the exigencies of trade in his own business, furthering the negotiations of government, and still pursuing his representative and judicial career under new appointments. He was twice solicited to proceed to London as Colonial agent, but steadily declined the mission, preferring his usual path of home duty. During this and the subsequent period to the breaking out of the Revolution, he was constantly engaged in those public employments of the legislature and the judiciary, always so influential in forming the character of the old New England citizen. Nor was his private culture meanwhile neglected. He was a diligent student, especially of the Scriptures, which he is said to have been able to read in the original Hebrew. He interested himself in the cause of education, and made ample provision for his children at Harvard.

As the war of the Revolution approached, it was to men like Trumbull that the country especially looked for advice and counsel. He was prudent, sagacious, religious, skilled in affairs, and bore the responsibilities of public station. As a merchant no one understood better the true effect of the commercial restrictions and financial policy, which now began to be pressed with increased rigor upon the colonies by the mother country. As an influential member of

the councils of Connecticut during the war with France, he knew the full value of American support to Great Britain, what the colony had encountered and undertaken in her defence, the burdens assumed, and the sacrifices made, and what were claims for remuneration and gratitude. Moreover he was bound in his appointments as Chief Justice in 1768, Deputy Governor from 1766 to 1770, and Governor from the last date by the strongest pledges to his people. This constant official training of Trumbull is the marked feature of his biography.

A single dark shadow is thrown upon the scene of Trumbull's busy activities in commercial embarrassments in 1766, when heavy losses at sea, and the depression of the times, overthrew as it were in a moment the rising fabric of his wealth. "In one season," says his son, the artist, in his "Autobiography," "almost every vessel, and all the property which he had upon the ocean, was swept away, and he was a poor man at so late a period of life as left no hope of retrieving his affairs." His foreign creditors were well disposed to allow every facility to his honorable conduct, but there was little opportunity at that day, with the Revolution at hand, to repair his shattered fortunes. The disaster does not appear to have shaken the confidence in him of his fellow citizens, for, in 1769, we find them conferring upon him the highest honor in their gift, the chief magistracy of the colony. He was then elected Governor, the title by which he is best known to the world, wearing it with honor and influence through the Revolutionary

war, till within a short time of his death.

In Connecticut, under its more liberal charter, the governor being elected by the people, and a zealous patriot holding the office, it did not become necessary, as in the other States, to set adrift a royal functionary opposed to the popular inclinations. There was no Governor Gage, or Tryon, or Dunmore, or Campbell to be met and disposed of, to plot, circumvent, and be defeated, before the ball of the Revolution could get in motion. There were only a few "Tories" to be tarred and feathered, and otherwise looked after, and these were speedily taken in hand by the people, not always in the gentlest or most courteous manner. Trumbull was prepared at the outset to aid and assist the good work. He was always essentially a man of business, skilled in affairs, and he turned his attention as naturally to the exigencies of the times as to any new questions which might arise in the course of his ordinary duties or commercial enterprise. To his clear perception the Revolution was a foregone conclusion, rapidly incorporating itself in substantial existence, and he cheerfully assisted the growth of the spirited infant born not without the protection of the gods. In his conduct in the assembly on occasion of the protest against the loyalist Governor Fitch on the test question of the Stamp Act in 1765, through all the preliminary scenes, in his official proclamation of a fast in 1774—a Puritan New England state paper, sounding the notes of remonstrance and revolt—his advocacy of and correspondence with the Conti-

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